

PRISON REFORM

Continuation of My Reply to the Board of Pardons.

TEARING OFF THE MASK

And Defying the Production of a Single Witness to Testify Against My Character—Names Mentioned of Those Alleged to Be Blackmailed and My Offer to the Governor of the State—The Damnable Conspirators Slink to Cover Before the Pen of a Shackled Convict.

While on this subject of blackmail I desire to state that Mr. Koons' paragraph is the first "open charge" of blackmail ever alleged against the *Capital* or its editor. The *Ohio State Journal* admitted to its columns a card from a public official (Engineer Maelzel) who was being criticized by the *Capital*, in which the statement was made that a gentleman (Richard J. Fanning) had informed him if he paid Elliott \$100 the criticisms would cease.

I promptly sued both the writer of the card and the *State Journal* for libel. The *State Journal* presumably, after a thorough investigation of my record, through its attorney, Hon. Geo. K. Nash, made overtures for a settlement. My attorney, Gen. Thomas E. Powell, demanded and secured ample apology in the *Journal's* editorial column, the costs of the case and his fee. I refused to name or take any sum.

This was the only "open charge" of blackmail by innuendo which ever appeared against myself or paper in a responsible sheet or by a responsible party. Mr. Richard J. Fanning was not connected with my paper that time or at any other time. Mr. Fanning was not authorized to make any such offer. Mr. Richard J. Fanning at that period and since had the honor of being a personal enemy and not on speaking terms with the editor of the *Capital*. So much for the "representatives of his paper" who "named a price," etc.

I offered, during Colonel Murphy's incumbency as chief of police, a standing reward of \$500 for the arrest of any person misrepresenting the *Capital*, and soliciting favors or money or values of any kind from public or private persons for the advocacy or silence of the *Capital*, and I succeeded in landing one of those unspeakable filthy wretches who was subsequently inadequately punished in police court.

The criminal, the fast, and the shady characters of Columbus dreaded the *Capital*, and they had good cause, but the virtuous women and the honest men of the city testify by letter and petition in my behalf and demonstrate the fact that I did "value the reputation of others" and that I did "manifest a regard for their tenderest sensibilities."

Mr. Koons being amply responsible escapes criminal and civil prosecution for his printed utterances simply because I am a convict. But no man dared when I was peer and citizen to charge me with dishonor. No responsible newspaper and no citizen above the rank of "gutter-snipe," could use with impunity the language here quoted from Mr. Koons' pamphlet against the *Capital* or its editor. In concluding my remarks on this infamous charge, I most respectfully offer your Excellency a signed agreement that I will not ask nor accept a pardon if after a fair investigation I am convicted of ever attempting to blackmail man or woman, or of maliciously and falsely assailing the reputation of man or woman by voice or pen. My only condition is that the accusers shall come from cover and face me before any committee of reputable citizens whom your Excellency may name (including Mr. Koons and colleagues) and that the same facilities be afforded me for defense or refutation as would be accorded any citizen accused of crime.

Mr. Koons in reply to my petitions and touching the loss of my eye at the hands of convict Varney sympathetically says:

"Since his (my) incarceration he has been assaulted by another prisoner and nearly blinded by vitrol thrown into his eyes. It is contended that the state owes him the duty of protection and not having protected him, the injury he has sustained through its neglect should be taken into account and passed to his credit in meeting out his punishment."

To which contention of my friends Mr. Koons humbly says:

"To this it may be answered that the state does not undertake to guarantee the safety of prisoners, but only assumes to do the best it can by them, leaving each one to his own faculties in taking care of himself. Every year a great many prisoners are injured either by accident or assault and yet the state never undertakes to compensate such injuries."

Mr. Koons then proceeds by innuendo to convey the impression that the injury I received was my own fault. Here is the witty and dignified manner in which Mr. Koons disposes of the matter:

"Going to the penitentiary may be classed as an 'extremely hazardous undertaking,' and those who do not wish to chance it can protect themselves by staying away. Many prisoners have spent half a life time in prison without difficulty of any kind and Elliott had the same chance that they had to avoid trouble, but in this as in redressing his grievances, he took his own course."

If your Excellency has been in doubt as to the prejudice of Mr. Koons the paragraph just quoted will, I am sure, dispel that doubt, and your high breeding, honorable antecedents and humane acts will give me and my kindred the benefit of the following expose:

There was filed with Mr. Koons and each member of the Honorable Board of Pardons a copy of a pamphlet in which among other things set forth was the manner in which I lost my eye. This statement was supported by the affidavits of the prison officers and prison foremen (citizens) acquainted with the facts. The statement in brief was to the effect that I discovered a plot to escape led by Varney, the diamond thief, and companions. I exposed the plot and the men were detected, through my timely exposure. Deputy Warden Porter says in his statement:

"Were it not for the timely exposure of Elliott the most desperate criminals ever confined here would have escaped."

For this, as punishment, I was struck from behind early in the morning of June 14, 1893, as I was proceeding to work, by convict Varney. The blow cut a gash in the back of my head requiring nine stitches. While lying on the ground insensible, Varney deliberately poured over my head and face a bottle full of vitrol, by which one eye was entirely destroyed and the sight of the other forever impaired. Varney slipped up behind me and used as a weapon the large brass nozzle of the prison hose.

The papers proving the assault and the cause of it, supported and corroborated by the affidavits of the prison officials and the prison foremen, cognizant of the facts, are on file with the other papers now in the possession of the Hon. Board of Pardons, and I am sure you will not feel surprised that I am requiring the return of the papers in my case containing such invaluable documents (to me).

There are two points in Mr. Koons' report I desire to call your Excellency's particular attention to, viz:

His silence altogether on the seven or eight thousand old soldier signatures asking clemency for their maimed and wounded comrades. I leave my record in the field to speak for itself, but beg to submit and reproduce the tributes paid that are on record by my captain and comrades, and which were returned by Mr. Koons as having no bearing on the case, I suppose.

The other point, if your Excellency please, is Mr. Koons' admission that I lost an eye, or rather that I am "nearly blind," and his inability to disprove that I lost it in defense of society and in the service of the state.

My reading and knowledge of those matters enables me to state that in every convict prison the world over, any prisoner rendering a service to the state and to society similar to the one for which Varney disgraced me, would be rewarded by pardon and restoration to liberty. Even the stern Mosaic doctrine provides for the freedom of the servant or slave who loses an eye at the hands of the master.

Mr. Koons says:

"A part of the jury signed a petition for clemency but the present prosecuting attorney strongly opposes it, and nothing is produced from the trial judge or prosecutor."

Mr. Koons fails to mention why more of the jury did not sign the petition. All the members of the jury (including the foreman) who could be reached or whose addresses were known, not only signed the petition but wrote personal letters to the board recommending my pardon, with two exceptions. Mr. Koons also fails to state why one of these two exceptions refused to recommend me. The juror's letter was read to the board giving his reasons or rather the conditions which would induce him to sign a petition in my behalf; his conditions were simply that a sum of money should be paid him first by my attorney, Hon. A. J. Green. Truly a nice sample of juror take away a citizen's liberty for life! But the grievous injury done me by such jurors, your Excellency, is no greater nor do I regard it as monstrous as the silence of Mr. Koons on the subject, and his attempt to destroy my reputation for honesty and integrity by voicing the malignant inventions of my personal enemies in an official document, without giving me a chance to refute the slander or know the slanderers whom he designates as "reliable citizens."

The present prosecutor did not approve my pardon, he also opposed my brother and boasted of his ability to convict him of the murder of Mr. Hughes. My brother put him to the test and the jury in less than half an hour brought in a verdict of not guilty.

That the trial prosecutor or trial judge wrote no letters of protest, although presumably more familiar with the case than "the present prosecutor," instead of being placed to my credit by Mr. Koons, is entered against me.

I now, if your Excellency please, reach the cap-sheaf of Mr. Koons' structure of granite on a foundation of sand. Here is what he says in reference to the indictment found against me for the alleged murder of Mr. Hughes:

"The one pending against this man (me, your Excellency) is not of that class. The evidence that convicted him of the murder of Osborn would convict him of the murder of Hughes."

The same evidence that convicted P. J. Elliott of the murder of Osborn did not convict him before an impartial public jury and judge of the murder of Hughes. And Mr. Koons' verdict in advance of the trial to which I am ready at any time to submit for the killing of Hughes' is, if your Excellency please, respectfully submitted as both gross and indecent considering our relative positions. I venture to assert that no reviewing board or judge in the history of criminal appeals in any civilized country, except the administrative department of the Russian government, can parallel this declaration of guilt before the trial and conviction of the prisoner.

That I was defended with signal ability is evidenced by the fact that I am writing this document. I do not desire to belittle the more than herculean task of saving my life, assigned the brilliant counsel for the defense, by any plea of mitigation of my guilt as alleged by the state. But I most respectfully desire to direct your Excellency's attention to the fact that any editor in this broad continent who for ten years had unsparingly not only exposed crime in low places but invaded "the sanctity of the homes" of rich rascals and libertines who had heretofore escaped with impunity, the consequences of every crime not excepting murder direct and *particeps criminis*; who had to fight each and all of his contemporaries adopting a diametrically opposite policy, would have been convicted in the communities where such labors were performed, though Jove presided, and the silver tongue of Jupiter pleaded the cause of the accused.

I was condemned on the testimony of more than one hundred state witnesses who, if they are to be believed, were as cool and critical experts of the fight between Osborn and myself as though we contended in a prize ring with gloves. I do not deny that the defense produced witnesses as remarkable for "coolness under fire" and as numerically able bodied as the state. Consider your Excellency the scene, Osborn firing point blank into the crowd (as evidenced by his admitted four hits) and I firing towards the buildings; the state alleges that I fired five shots and Osborn two in less than a minute—indeed in as many seconds, and yet something like one hundred persons, with bullets pattering around them, stood their ground to observe the slightest detail of the conflict. Some witnesses (for the state I am happy to observe) going so far as to testify that they saw me fire, followed the course of the bullet in its flight with their naked eye and saw it hit the mark.

Yet these same witnesses admitted, that to the number of perhaps a dozen, they sought and found shelter behind a sign-board on the sidewalk which when measured was demonstrated to be incapable of covering more than two very lean persons. But your Excellency has been a soldier and under fire, and it is superfluous to comment on the powerful descriptions of a seven seconds' battle, put on the imperishable records of the Franklin county courts by these honest citizens, who to admit their own testimony broke for cover at the first shot (which they graphically testified I fired) and having just seven seconds to find it had time to observe and swear to every detail of the battle not excepting (in a few

picturesque instances) the lady from behind whose back or over whose shoulder I fired five (more or less) shots. It is true that a number of the more observant and cooler headed state's witnesses (who were not of the number that sought shelter behind the sign) saw no lady at any period of the five or seven seconds of battle between Osborn and myself. But "everything went" to the jury except, if I am permitted to remark the cause, the motive for this battle or homicide. Mr. Koons says Osborn evidently wrote the article which he elegantly characterizes as "a gem," but the judge wouldn't admit it because I couldn't prove Osborn wrote it, notwithstanding that the judge admitted Osborn's letter sent me through the mails notifying me that he would not only write such an article but actually outlining its salient parts.

Such was the trial, your Excellency, with the addition that my colleagues of the local press cheerfully embraced the opportunity to "get even" for ten years of "insults." Every avenue to reach the public ear was closed to me, and it is a remarkable circumstance that the only persons who expressed any doubts as to what the verdict would be, were those who were in attendance and heard the testimony, showing conclusively that the papers tried the case more effectively to the general public.

Yet notwithstanding every circumstance calculated to deprive me of the slightest aid to a fair and impartial trial on the testimony (including the seven jurors who qualified after admitting that they would assume my innocence, but that it would take evidence to disabuse their minds of the prejudices they entertained. The verdict of the jury after five days deliberation and two distinct charges by the presiding judge was a compromise one between actual acquittal, manslaughter and first degree; and on the subsequent review by the supreme court of the state, two out of five judges set it aside on two or more grievous errors.

This your Excellency will perceive I am undergoing life imprisonment on the majority vote of one judge.

I have, if your Excellency please, quoted Mr. Koons entire report with the exception of a few unimportant and admissible paragraphs, except the one wherein I am accused by the state, while resisting or rather dragging the officer after me, who had me pinioned by the arms from behind, while Osborn was shooting at and chasing my non-combative brother into the street, I am quoted as shouting "kill the son of a bitch, Patsy." On the witness stand the officer who held me admitted, in reply to a question of my counsel, that I also exclaimed "the son of a bitch will kill Pat," and that I said "let me go he'll kill Pat."

How easy is the transposition of a sentence or sentences such as these, and how much more likely that I used, if I used at all, the command to "kill, etc." in the admonitive sense of a warning not to be killed.

The anxiety I manifested for my brother's life was born (besides the natural affection) of the fact that I well knew (as did Osborn) his non-combatant and peaceful disposition, his utter ignorance of fire-arms, and the superiority of his antagonist who had the reputation of being the best pistol shot in Reynoldsburg.

Osborn invariably carried a thirty-eight ball dog revolver as everybody acquainted with him, including all the printers and newspaper men who worked for the *Capital*, and many others very well knew. It was testified to in my case by two attorneys that he exhibited the pistol in their respective offices, and showed one of them (E. T. Delaney) how to shoot it quicker than one's antagonist by firing through the overcoat pocket from the hip—precisely as he fired his first shot at me—a little above the hip. Every pistol shot very well knows that the revolver pointed slanting downward is the proper position to fire with accuracy to allow for the customary upward recoiling tendency when the weapon explodes. This I was unaware of or forgot in my excitement, hence all but the bullets which wounded Osborn went five or more feet over his head. Not so his shots; everyone except as heretofore mentioned hit the mark, and yet Mr. Koons seeks to make out in the face of this recorded evidence of Osborn's superior marksmanship that "he fired towards the sidewalk." He did, but not in the sense Mr. Koons seeks to convey, but in the more deadly sense of the expert marksman. Against the application "Patsy" he calmly and coolly put in my mouth by the vulgar. No educated person so abbreviates the name of Patrick, least of all no well bred and educated Irishman so abbreviates the name, and no person ever heard me use such an abbreviation on that fatal or any other occasion.

Mr. Koons commenting on the testimony of the defense in much the same seriocomic manner with which he treated the petitions and letters filed in my behalf, remarks with what is intended, no doubt, for exonerating wit:

"Indeed they (the Elliotts) have woven so much chance into the whole fabric that if we were to accept their verbiage we would have to believe this world of chance rather than design."

Mr. Koons is, no doubt, unaware of the fact that there are millions of men who will dispute his theory "of a world of design." But there are of the educated class, agnostic or christian, few indeed who will regard his language as either dignified or witty considering his position and the subject of which he treats—liberty or a living death to a man who as a citizen was his peer, as an official his senior, and as a tested patriot his superior—if the evidence of gaping wounds which blushed at his uncalled for irony are accepted as decisive proof.

The evidence taken in my brother's case at Lancaster was the judicial opinion of Trial Judge Slough, repeatedly made during the cross examination of counsel for the state, that "it was reconcilable with his former testimony on his brother's trial," but Mr. Koons disputes the trial judge thus:

"P. J. Elliott testified on the trial of W. J. giving evidence corresponding with that of the defendant. Later, on his own trial at Lancaster, he testified on his behalf so radically different that, but for the names the two stories could hardly be identified as relating to the same transaction."

Mr. Koons seems unable to distinguish "additional evidence" from "contradictory testimony." My brother at the Lancaster trial gave additional evidence, developed by his able counsel, Thomas E. Steele, Esq., and that Nestor of the bar, Hon. George L. Converse. This Mr. Koons with his customary impartiality, characterizes by implication as "contradictory," and in the face, too, of Judge Slough's repeated decisions on points raised by the state.

Thus I have omitted answering not a single paragraph of Mr. Koons' report, and I refer your Excellency to the evidence in chief of the defense, or the cross-examining testimony of the state's witnesses, and not to the arguments, opening or closing, of the respective counsel, and I rest the truth, the whole and absolute truth of the foregoing

against the ingenious and elaborately digested report of Hon. L. A. Koons.

To summarize, if your Excellency please, Mr. Koons says:

- (1) That I murdered Osborn.
- (2) That I killed Hughes.
- (3) That I am a blackmailer.
- (4) That I am a drunkard.
- (5) That I am a domestic brute.

And he quotes testimony only to show that I hit Osborn on the chin. The remainder of his report is a condensation of the stories of my personal enemies, one of whom shot me in the Nell House, and the other of whom endeavored to indict me for criminal libel, and who because of his millions is able to command the services of politicians whose hold on the public treat I had the honor to break by an exposure of the rapidity with which they developed from seventy-five dollar per month mercantile clerks into bankers, merchants, etc., after a few years' manipulation as officials of the tax payers' dollars. These few organized, personally malignant enemies pull the strings and start other more reputable people to do an injustice their consciences would never approve did they know their manipulators as I know them. Hence, I harbor no ill feeling and but little disappointment at or for Mr. Koons' course in my case. So long as the Board of Pardons will accept secret reports and violate the spirit of the oath of office its members take to hear openly the petitions and protests for and against an applicant for clemency, just so long, though every citizen of my standing in the community favors the pardon, will this clique stifle the voice of the people, stampee well-meaning and merciful christian men and women, and on the grounds of "expediency" prevent either justice or mercy to me and to my devoted wife and children.

I had thought, your Excellency, that this honorable board was designed by the people and commissioned by the governor to only examine the testimony and the documents laid before it, hear oral statements of counsel and determine by weight or preponderance of facts, for or against the prisoner.

I had also believed that protestors had to appear publicly before the board either in person or by petition. I find, however, from Mr. Koons' report, that I have been laboring under a misapprehension, therefore, because of the powers for evil and the methods of the assassin characteristic of this clique, who for ten years spared no pains to entrap or ruin me, I withdraw my papers, with your Excellency's permission, and restore them to the keeping of my wife and children. These papers are a vindication of a husband and a father by the best and the noblest, the bravest and the purest of the citizens of a republic which accepted my services as a youth, when it was perishing at the hands of its traitorous sons, and which now in the meridian of its glory consigns me to a living death in my declining years, for the crime of defending my life and vindicating the honor of my family.

The recollection, if your Excellency please, that I have been a humble member of the rank and file in an army which fought and triumphed in the sublime cause of human liberty, has preserved my self-respect despite the purposed ignominy of an unjust sentence. Undegraded in mind, unbroken in spirit, unseared of heart, I await the summons to rejoin those comrades with whom, over thirty years ago, I marched from the Wilderness to Appomattox. The blood-soaked uniform of the boy of sixteen will admit me to full fellowship with the comrades of those who died at the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Cold Harbor and Petersburg, for they will overlook the stripes of the aged convict in memory of those days when the life of the republic was at stake. I "touched elbows," while breasting the murderous bullet storms of armed treason.

It is because such memories are valueless to those whom fate and circumstances have charged with my liberty, and whose cold hearts never thrilled to the blast of trumpet or beat of war drum, that I respectfully and earnestly beg permission of your Excellency to withdraw the petitions of more than a brigade of veteran soldiers whom Mr. Koons in his ignorance of that love which was "welded in the fire of battle," of that recollection of tested comradeship on the march, the heroic and the field, flippantly assumes to "know little if anything" about a comrade with a SOLDIER'S RECORD.

In conclusion I beg leave, your Excellency, to offer some pertinent remarks touching Mr. KOONS' CHARGE of blackmail. Rumor upon which Mr. Koons erected this obscene monument, pronounced the names of certain citizens of Columbus as the victims of my designs.

Col. A. G. Patton, N. B. Abbott, Charles Hayden, Theodore Gordon and Banker Sinks, my friends inform me, have, since my incarceration, been mentioned by my enemies as men I have blackmailed or attempted to blackmail.

I beg of your Excellency to send for Col. A. G. Patton and ask him if I did not correct an article criticising his treatment of convicts, without solicitation or price, and if I did not assure him in my office that nothing derogatory to his private character should appear in the *Capital* unless he was given a chance to state his side of the matter before publication; ask him if I kept my promise.

Summon N. B. Abbott and ask him if I did not on more than one occasion exploit his early enterprise in this city in the matter of his ability and readiness to undertake and execute large contracts.

Summon Charles Hayden, Esq., and his attorney, Col. E. L. Taylor, and examine them on the manner in which I baffled and defeated some malignant enemies of the former in their efforts to scandalize some members of Mr. Hayden's estimable family. Colonel Taylor will inform your Excellency as to the exact methods of blackmail I practiced in Mr. Hayden's case.

Inquire Mr. Theodore Gordon and his attorney, Mr. Hoffman, of the particulars of a certain matter which Mr. Hoffman visited my office and interviewed me on. Again your Excellency will be enlightened as to the peculiar blackmailing methods of the *Capital* and its editor.

When your Excellency examines Mr. Sinks ask him, if when I bared the mother breasts of my wife to the lips of his dying child that the life-giving fluid might save it to a loving mother, I adopted my customary methods of blackmail.

If your Excellency, any one or all of these gentlemen will inform you, even under the seal of secrecy and confidence, that they paid or that I demanded money or other thing of value, or that I received any consideration in the shape of money or other thing of value for any services I rendered them, either by the publication or non-publication of articles concerning them or their relations in the *Sunday Capital*, I stand condemned.

Observe, your Excellency, that I rest my fate and reputation on the consciences of the gentlemen named, satisfied that they will not speak an untruth for or against me. Is it characteristic of blackmailers, your Excellency, to be honored as I have been

honored by the governors of the state, from R. M. Bishop to James B. Campbell. Governor Bishop asked me to resign as Secretary of the Cincinnati Board of Health to accept the office of Supervisor of Public Printing; you will find his estimate of me in the appendix.

Governor Foster loaned me, without note or security, the money to purchase and equip the *Sunday Capital*. Caught, if your Excellency please, without a dollar at the expiration of my term of office, with a half completed residence on my hands, but for the financial assistance of Governor Foster I would have been penniless.

Governor Hoadley honored me by selection to sit by his side in open procession to receive the remains of the distinguished dead and to deliver the eulogy from the steps of the Capitol. Governor Foraker honored me with the unsolicited appointment of manager of the Mansfield penitentiary, and Governor Campbell refused to accept my resignation until my subsequent departure for Europe.

Michael Davitt, the leader of the Irish race, has offered me, as did his predecessor, Charles Stewart Parnell, a seat in the British Parliament, for which honor I would not sacrifice my American citizenship, though deeply interested in the cause of Ireland.

Will your Excellency accept these facts as the evidence of a depraved character who lived by ruining the reputations of the innocent, and levying blackmail?

My last act as a citizen I performed in the county jail by depriving my wife and children of the last thousand dollars they possessed to pay a note in the Brooks, Butler & Co's. bank, upon which Judge Charles Saffin was the sole and only indorser.

Do the degraded meet honorable engagements even at the sacrifice of those they love? Are blackmailers accustomed to meet honorable obligations, though financially irresponsible, when under sentence of life imprisonment?

If your excellency please, one word more and I have done.

Did I possess the viciousness, hereditary or acquired, to qualify me as a domestic brute, drunkard or libertine, I would not be a prisoner for life, as the woman and the children whose honor I vindicated would not for a single day affectionately call me husband—father, consequently I would not have been involved in any difficulty in their behalf.

I never raised my hand in anger to wife or child, as my servants for the past ten years will testify. I was never drunk in their presence nor was I known in the saloons of Columbus. The disreputable men and women of the city knew me not—my habits and abodes I was stranger and foe.

Finally, your Excellency, in the appendix of this pamphlet you will find the corroborative testimony supporting my assertions; if my official calumniator will be equally truthful and specific, I challenge him to produce his "reliable citizens," and I here make this declaration, your Excellency, that if Mr. Koons can produce one or one hundred such "reliable citizens" I will demonstrate and establish that all their misinformation and concerning me can be traced by as broad a trail as the ancient roadways from the Roman forum to that empire's distant frontiers, to two or three malignant and personal enemies of mine, the principal one of whom and his active lieutenant I have already referred to.

Since the world commenced, and I suppose until the last trumpet assembles us for judgment, man will fight his fellow and malign his enemy. Hence, if your Excellency please, I who have experienced all the vicissitudes of fortune and have sounded the depths of misery as well as basked in the sunshine of happiness and prosperity, know how to salute with the fortitude of experience whatever destiny has in store for me, but I would in these last words appeal to the judgment of the unprejudiced if the matter here set forth bears not the impress of truth in the conspicuous fact, deducible from my defense, that I am more concerned for a reputation no man dared attack with impunity, while I had the power to defend it, than I am for that liberty of bare thoughts of which some "know little if anything" through my arteries until the swelling veins throbb responsive to the beatings of my heart.

It is the intention of the law to punish its violators, and it is the theory of society to accompany such expiation with reform. Penalties are attached to the grades of the various crimes, and the legislator, the judge and society design the equality of punishment.

He who revels in the beauty of the lily and whose soul is transported by the charms of nature—whose refined spirituality may even drink in "the harmony of the spheres," falls in a moment of human weakness, and the equal penalty is meted out to him provided for the vulgar, the brutal or the vicious whose animal nature finds no debasement in restraint, no loss of happiness in seclusion, but the deprivation of the grosser desires, and no ignominy in the routine of a prisoner.

If, your Excellency, there was equality in punishment, I have already paid the penalty of an eternity of exquisite torture, and the mentality which has been subjected to such a frightful strain for almost six long years, would long ere this have snapped its tension but for the immortal hope of vindicating my name from the mountain of calumny now overwhelming me myself alone, but the innocent children and the devoted wife whose undeserved sufferings wring my heart.

The laws of the Medes and Persians were not more unchangeable than is the pertinent epigram "by their fruits shall ye know them." If Osborn, as Mr. Koons charges, owed his depravity to my training, I set over against this slanderous deduction the martyred brother whom I raised, my oldest boy and girl, graduates of the *American Public School*, my whole family whom my neighbors, friends and former servants in this city and Cincinnati are familiar with. The teachers of my children, the associates of my brother and the friends and acquaintances of my family unite in indignant protest against this implied insult. I am not responsible for the unparalleled depravity of the wretch who lied on the dead any more than I am guilty in the sight of God for having vindicated at such fearful cost the living victims of his slanderous pen.

When the limited circle in which my official calumniator poses shall have put off the emblems of mourning for his lamented demise, the name of him he sought to hound down to infamy will be cherished by the brave men and the virtuous women, not alone of Columbus, but in those theatres of action on more than one continent where his loyalty to a holy if hopeless cause and his valor in a triumphant one fully attested the purity of that blood which for a thousand generations has flowed unsullied through the veins of a gallant race.

May it please your Excellency, I have done, and most respectfully ask, in the

name of that comradeship I earned the privilege of claiming on the field of battle, and which we mutually solidified with our oaths at the altar of the Grand Army Post, to place on file in the archives of the Board of Pardons this pamphlet.

It is the response of one who may be crushed without a murmur by the might of his enemies, but who cannot be dishonored without protest—the indignant protest of his latest breath, and who signs himself your Excellency's most humble and most obedient servant.

WILLIAM J. ELLIOTT.
[To be continued.]

TO LEARN HER AGE.

How One Can, Without Giving Any Offense, Induce a Lady to Tell How Old She Is.

Il Mondo Che Ride, an Italian journal, recently offered prizes for the best three answers to the following questions:

"How can one, without giving any offense, induce a lady to tell her age?"

Answers poured in by hundreds, and finally the prizes were awarded.

"Go to the lady," says the winner of the first prize, "and say to her: 'Madame, I dreamed last night that you and I could win a large prize at the lottery by playing a number corresponding to our ages, and, therefore, if you will just tell me your age, I will go at once and buy the ticket.' The assumption is that a desire to win the money will impel the lady to comply at once with the request."

"Ask the lady," says the winner of the second prize, "how long she has been married, and, after she has replied, express great astonishment and exclaim: 'Mon Dieu, you must have been a mere child at that time. How old were you then, at any rate?' From her two answers the lady's age can be ascertained without arousing any suspicion on her part."

"Ask the lady," says the winner of the third prize, "how many years younger she is than her husband. This is an every day question, and the chances are a thousand to one that she will answer it promptly and correctly. Then find out the husband's age, which can easily be done, and by working out a little sum in arithmetic you can easily solve the problem."

An Appreciative Reader.

WASHINGTON, D. C., November, 1900.
Editor *Sunday Globe*:

We occasionally hear the *GLOBE* referred to as "that horrid paper," but in every instance we find that these remarks are violated by some departmental influential appointed on the straight influence racket or the relative of such. The *Globe* and other truth-speaking papers will not, of course, be favorites among flash females nor male imbecile coddlings who have obtained government positions exclusive of Civil Service certification and competitive examination ratings, and such cattle, when they spit their venomous remarks, are but voicing their own general low-calibered and cowardly worthlessness. The *GLOBE*, we are pleased to state, has a good circulation through Northern and Western cities, and is read and praised by the backbone of our country, including voters, fighters (soldiers who have served and are yet serving the government) and Civil Service men. The *GLOBE* tells the plain unvarnished truth, and exposes fraud favoritism and official corruption, both departmental and outside. Again we find that such powerful papers as the *North American Journal*, etc., are fearlessly fighting along the same lines, and wisely informing the voters and people throughout the United States in order that they may intelligently face coming issues at the polls. Growls of disapproval are heard all over the country on account of familism and the other glaring evils of favoritism as they exist at the *Capital* city.

C. B. and W.

Buying a Razor.

"I need a new razor," said the man who shaves himself.

"Better let me get it for you," suggested the reformed barber, who, now that he is a trolley car conductor, regards himself as a distinguished member of society. "All cutlery stores are filled with razors of the class known as 'dead ones.' When a barber buys a razor, he takes it with the understanding that he is to try it out, and if it doesn't work well he takes it back and gets another one, keeping this up until he gets one that suits him. Buying a razor, you know, is a lottery in which the prizes are few and far between. When the ordinary citizen goes to a cutlery store, he picks out what he thinks is a good razor, pays for it and takes his chances. He picks one out, too, from the bunch of 'dead ones' that barbers have tried and found wanting. That's why I advise you to let me get it for you. Then if you don't like it I can keep exchanging it until you get a good one. They needn't know I've quit the business."

The Woolsock.

Back during the time of Queen Elizabeth an act of parliament was passed prohibiting the exportation of wool. This product was one of the great sources of the material wealth of England at that time, and in accordance with the economic notions of the age the authorities attempted to keep it in the country, imagining that if it went abroad, even though something more valuable or desirable were exchanged for it, the country would be the poorer.

In order to hold the importance of this community before the minds of the national legislators woolsocks were placed in the house of lords, where the judges sat. Hence the lord chancellor, who presides over the house of lords, "sits on the woolsock." The woolsock, according to a printed description, is a "large square bag of wool without back or arms and covered with red cloth."

Yes—"Subscriber" Is Right.

Editor *Sunday Globe*:

The notorious Joe Chamberlain did not marry Ex-Secretary Whitney's daughter, as appeared in yesterday's *GLOBE*. Chamberlain's wife is Ex-Secretary Endicott's daughter.</